

Realm Reality

"Forever NYC"

Visit "[Forever NYC](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Featuring Boogz Boogetz
Prod by HeiroWayneMuzik

(Intro)
Aha
Yea
Aha
You know I rep Bushwick nigga
Come on

(Hook)
Child of the ghetto, let me plant my roots
Summertime livin in my winter boots
Machinegun funk, give me the loot
Forever Brooklyn, let me speak my truth

(Verse)
I spit that grind, my flow so great
I shoot that J, my ho suck dick
Money on my mind with a gold attic
We can really get it poppin if you know my wrist
My shows the diff, I know my lane
I bees myself, I know my name
Grind but committed, your fine as a woman
We be enough where there be no attention
I beat that box, I'm not no square
I need that top, I don't play fair
Fuck that shit, we approach that clique
Put hand on a nigga, let him talk on my fist
She call me papi by the bodega
Said I had it locked and let me kiss it, no jayda

(Hook 3)
Let me see you bust it open for a real nigga
Let me see you bust it open for a real nigga

(Verse)
Damn she fine, damn she fine
I need that life, I don't want a wife
I'm all in her mouth while we both in your house
Leaving abortions all over her blouse

Fuck that hate, I know that truth
They hate my best so they talk that loose
Bring the K back, leave his face cracked to erase last
Where he stay at? While it's all on the news
That ain't me, but that ain't me
I'm bout my money, flows channel them TV screens
Do you see my grind? Bitch wide over state lines, big at
cake time
I'm in place for the win but they trace mine
So I grow up where they can't find, eat dimes like I ate
9
I ball with the crew, at the mall making calls
Hitting stores for the new, this is all that I knew
My man doin me, eat your girl out this her ass were to
speak
I was passed to the beef, I'mma care so I speech
New York right but homey that call for timin

(Hook 2)

Child of the ghetto, let me plant my roots
Summertime livin in my winter boots
Machin-gun funk, give me the loot
Forever New York City, let me speak my truth

(Verse)

Criss out the bottle, I sip til it's hollow
I smoke til I'm faded, I'm facing it
Your girl I'm shokin but she bust it open
She said give it to me and take the dick
Kids on the couch, kids in her mouth
She said she really got a taste of it
We runnin the train, she fuckin the gang
And you got er in a relationship
She lovin the coupe, she lovin the coupe
She bringin her friends, when they comin over they
fuckin a stoo

(Hook 3)

Let me see you bust it open for a real nigga
Let me see you bust it open for a real nigga

(Verse)

Chain swingin, wrist blingin, I'll be stuntin on them hoes
Niggas mad cuz I get more ass than a toilet bro
King Tut swagger, they know everything that's on me
glow
I'mma throw these bands while poppin like it on a pole
That's right, still hung over from last night
Your girl blow me like bagpipes
I'm swagged up and my cash right
We don't fly, Versace I tell you I'm callin the fleet

If you ain't talkin money than also you must not be
talkin to me
Damn right my swagger mean
YRS ho, that's the team
Smoking on that Texaco, in other words that gasoline
Spit high fire, no dilon
Getting bitches - what I'm on
She's on set like a horseback
Cuz she be getting her right on uh

(Hook)

Child of the ghetto, let me plant my roots
Summertime livin in my winter boots
Machinegun funk, give me the loot
Forever Brooklyn, let me speak my truth

Visit [Realm Reality](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.